

- >be 2006
- >in the Allegheny National Forest
- >know this area really well - this was my 4th visit, been back multiple times since
- >mostly trout fishing, back country camping, shooting at shit
- >general good times
- >always go with my same friend, originally from the area but since moved away
- >on a deep woods fishing excursion
- >we hike upstream about 8 miles, fishing the whole way
- >camp overnight
- >return the next day
- >made this trip several times before without incident
- >still always have a pistol innawoods
- >buddy has a little 9 shot .22 revolver
- >I have my M1911
- >always good to be armed, black bear country, you never know
- >we hike upstream, again, we're fishing, catch some nice rainbows, brookies, and brown trout
- >finally camp for the night
- >night passes by uneventful
- >everything going as planned
- >we start hiking back to our main campsite
- >around lunch time
- >cross the creek because less brush on the other side, easier walking
- >climb up on the bank over a small berm
- >right in front of us is a freshly killed deer
- >blood is still fresh
- >hind quarters has been eaten by something
- >flies everywhere already, blue and green bottlenose, just swarming
- >damn.jpg
- >"Bear, or coyote probably." my buddy says
- >"Yeah, probably."
- >keep fishing, moving back downstream
- >cross the creek again, now easier walking on the other side
- >all the sudden my buddy's spidey sense goes off and he

moves his hand to his weapon

- >outdoorinstinct.exe

- >dude is pretty much pro-level outdoorsman, so I trust his judgement

- >"Wtf dude?" my hand moves to my weapon just in case

- >then a rolling gait on the steep embankment leading up from the creek

- >we look at each other

- >he whispers, "bear"

- >look up the hill, beyond the large boulder near the creek and sure enough, a black bear speeds by, top fucking speed through the forest

- >"What's it chasing?"

- >buddy shrugs

- >"Did you hear anything else?"

- >one finger to his mouth, shut up anon

- >hear something else running up behind the bear

- >smaller, lighter

- >look up the embankment again

- >deer tearing ass through the undergrowth

- >top fucking speed again

- >wtf.gif

- >"Is that deer chasing the bear?"

- >buddy's look is one of concern

- >"No."

- >silence signal again

- >immediately shut the fuck up

- >this time he draws his weapon

- >I follow suit

- >He hears it first

- >then me

- >slowly getting louder

- >something is coming after the first two animals

- >and it's not small

- >it's thumping like a bear

- >but the gait is more reminiscent of a deer

- >we look at each other and start to move toward the middle of the creek

>slowly
>not too loud
>"Shh, stay quiet anon."
>don't splash
>fuck, too loud, too loud, too loud
>fuckme.jpg
>in the middle of the creek and we both look over at the
embankment

>from around the large boulder a deer appears
>or at least it looked like a deer at first glance
>it was eight feet tall from ground to head, easily
>it stops
>we stop
>weapons ready but still pointed down
>"deer" stands up on it's hind legs and lets out the most
godawful noise
>the only way to describe it is a roar
>it heels back on its hind legs and enters the water, coming
toward us
>roars again
>thisscaresmealot.jpg
>we back up
>then I see it, in his open maw, the teeth of a carnivore
>dripping with fresh blood
>another roar
>"Shoot it!"
>magdump.exe
>we're already bounding our way out of the creek to the bank
behind us as we fire
>We're practically point blank
>the bullets don't seem to faze it
>I can't even see them hit it
>no blood
>no nothing
>the only thing that happened was the creature appeared to
almost "glitch" out in front us
>like a static filled tv broadcast but not quite as obvious
>fuck it, we're running

- >out of the creek and we're tearing through the forest
- >I'm sliding another magazine in
- >buddy is trying to frantically reload his revolver on the run
- >we can hear it coming out of the water and giving chase on all fours
- >I just start firing wildly behind us
- >trying to buy us time
- >we can hear it coming out of the water and giving chase on all fours
- >"Run motherfucker, run!"
- >top fucking speed
- >we reach a clearing after practically sprinting for about a mile
- >out of breath we stop and turn to watch behind us
- >no sign of anything
- >nothing seems to be following now
- >reload
- >still miles from our base camp
- >we hike all the way back without stopping
- >no fishing today anon
- >we arrive to the safety of our base camp

To this day, both of us experienced outdoorsmen, have no idea what kind of mutant deer creature we encountered that day but we both have one hell of an innawoods story to tell.